

First and Last

by PicassoWithAPencil

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Summary: Some say he could never love. Some say he loved someone else. They have no idea how wrong they are. But regardless, everyone has a first and last. These are the two loves of Daryl Dixon's life.

First and Last

The place where he could disappear was always his favorite. The place where he could become something else, an apparition to the world, was a place he felt was a whole other world entirely. He could be the spirit of the wolf riding on the wind, answering to no one while narrowly, but surely, evading the hooded figure of death who disguised himself as reanimated humans. If he didn't care so damn much, if he wasn't so good, as she used to say, he would never go back to them. He would never rejoin his pack. But that wasn't him.

He wasn't meant to stay here forever. Not among the luscious fern fearies or stoic pine giants, but among mere mortals and their falsified homes. Now he knew he was very mortal in some ways, what with his volcanic anger and his gracefully savage love for her. Yes, he was like them. But what about the parts of him that were not? The parts that were beyond him, the parts he was gifted by the forest and not born with, were more than him. His ability to move soundlessly over the moss covered ground, his uncanny sight, his true aim, they were all part of the woods he'd come to cherish so dearly. And they were his gifts the trees had given to him, for how he respected them so.

The woods had been a rather large chunk of his heart that he had precariously scooped out and set aside above the mundane things, because that's what his first love was. These trees, the seemingly abysmal darkness that on occasions, let the light shine through. Yes, the woods were his first love and always would be, for they have given him sanctuary in the times of fire, brimstone, and death. But

the forest will not be his last love. No, that small sliver of his heart, the only part left of him that he hasn't given away or hasn't been snatched from him unwillingly, goes to her. How in hell would it go to anyone else? The woods saved him, kept him hidden when he needed to be.

But in admittance, his love for the natural sanctuary was a drug, and he was addicted. Which was all right. This drug wouldn't kill him yet. But one day it would, he was smart enough to see that far. The woods couldn't protect their child of earth and bone forever. But she could. She could with the wings that spread wide, wide across the sky, sheltering him from any darkness he might need to withstand. She always seemed to be with him, no matter how much he truly truly didn't believe because he thought, a wood demon like me doesn't belong to a sky angel like her. When cessation plagued him as a disguised disease, when his forest couldn't offer him true peace, he saw her eyes and felt a minuscule particle of faith.

Of course, every time after these celestial visits, all he could be reminded of was her loss. The crimson and cimmerian colors that rivered through his angels head. He had forgotten, in perhaps the most important moment in his life, that there were other demons such as himself, and they would stop at nothing to rob the Angels from this world. Yes, he'd forgotten that entirely, and now she was paying the price. And since he'd never had the opportunity to tell her, to show her, he pledged her as his last and gave the last remnant of his heart to her. In the aftermath he never fell again, never bothered with any of the demons in a physical sense either. It would be a sacrilege to her. He the demon, was in love with an angel, and his life would always be that way. And it was. He never settled, never went in a physical sense.

He stayed true to his last, while sometimes reverting to his first for a small favor of a meal or an earthen comfort. He lived out the remainder of his days behind a wall. Occasionally he would battle death, escape his stygian scythe once more. It was thanks to her, he knew.

He watched the other demons he had learned to call family settle and populate. He watched on in satisfaction as his own life dwindled. His bones turned dry, his spirit turned weak, and soon the walls he never left. And it was that day, today actually, that he felt the tugging in his heart she had told him would happen eventually. So he rose out of bed and took no possessions with him. Except her knife. Not for defense, but because it was hers. He felt his soul growing tired and with every step he worried he wouldn't make it to the meeting place. By some miracle, most likely hers, he made it to the willow tree she told him to be at. He only had to wait but a moment before she came to him.

Her simple white sundress fluttered its butterfly wings in the air, her cornhusk hair a halo, and her cornflower blue eyes a sky. She caressed his cheek and he reveled in her touch. "It is time my love," she whispered gently. He sighed with consent and relief as his spirit left his body. "It's time to go to Heaven," she beamed. She reached out her hand and he did not hesitate to grasp it, for his youthful spirit was running strong once more. "Why did you wait? You could have been happy, had a family." He shook his head, smiling the whole time. "Someone in Alexandria told me 'you should only have children with the love of your life.' Mine wasn't down there. Mine was here.

And I would wait for you forever." She let loose one of those blinding smiles he missed _so_ much. And she reached up, and placed a gentle kiss to his lips. "Well now you can." And Beth led Daryl away into the world of the angels. And the woods did not weep for him, for they knew he would go one day.

So it's true: the woods were Daryl's first, and Beth was his last.

End
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